

## [John Sam Johnson]

October 19, 1939

John Sam Johnson (White Farmer)

Huntersville, N.C.

Mary P. Wilson, Writer

Dudley W. Crawford, Reviser Original Names Changed Names

John Sam Johnson Sam Jimerson

Charles Johnson Jim

Hazileen Hessie C9 - N.C. Box 1-

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The old neglected two story house with it's weather-beaten walls, vacant windows and sagging front porch looked deserted and spooky. After knocking on the steps with a stone and hearing no response, I started away. "Wait a minute," said SaM Jimerson, as he came from the rear of the house.

The wind made merry with Sam's tattered garments and his straw helmet set at a jaunty angle above stooped shoulders, gave him the appearance of a morning moving scarecrow. His hair dropped below his ears in natural curls which any woman would be glad to possess. His deep—set eyes sparkled with excitement as he spoke.

"You don't think I'd let you leave without speaking, did you? no indeed! I like company; I'll talk all day if you listen. Don't pay no attention to how I look. Some are afraid of me, say I look like a crazy man—my sons wife hid my razor. She said I was to old to be slicking up,

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trying to look young, so I've let my hair and whiskers grow and decieve how I feel. I mean I feel great.

“Just to tell the truth about what I think. I don't believe my son Jim ever married Hessie. She's gone now, thank God and I won't grieve a bit if I don't never see her no more. Jim got tired of her and went off with another woman—he's serving time in Pennsylvania now for 2 white slavery. As far as I know, he's the only Jimerson who ever has been behind the bars. He didn't get but fourteen months and fourteen days. Why, I can remember when men got twenty to twenty five-years for the same crime—men ain't got no business letting women persuade them off into trouble like that. They know it is wrong when they start it. I like to see women treated good but not to that extent.

“Me, I had a wife—she deserted me forty years ago. The last time I heard of her she was in South Carolina living with another man. It worried me at first, then I decided to act like I had been dog—bit and I've let women alone ever since.

“I live here by my self most of the time. I've got two men helping me picking cotton. It won't be many more days before I'll have all my work caught up and then I can walk around and do nothing but whistle.

“All the land you see around here belongs to me. I could make a lot of stuff on it if it wasn't for that fellow Roosevelt, sitting up in the White House, dictating to the farmers—I wasn't allowed to plant but four acres in cotton this time; it's going to make about six bales—maybe I'm just ignorant and don't know what I'm talking about, but I do know one thing—I didn't help put this President in office and I sure will do all I can to get him out.” Sam was getting nervous. He threw his hat on the ground and with one 3 hand beat fiercely at hte the air, while the other ran through his long hair.

“Why, them welfare people laughed at me when I asked about getting old age pension. I have got as good a farm as there is in Mecklenburg County but that ain't got nothing to do with the price of eggs. I thought all old people who didn't have any help / [w?]was

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supposed to get that pension. I ain't got but that [?] one boy who is serving time. If he was here he wouldn't be no account to me for he's got T.B. He stayed over here in the County Hospital a long time and is in the Hospital now. I don't see what the law wants with a man laying up in the Hospital.

"I got enough to live on—I have been advised to give my farm and everything away so I could draw the old age pension. If I was to do that I would be crazy—I'd wake up some morning and find myself in the asylum.

"I get pretty lonesome living here by my self. I wouldn't never turn nobody out if they wanted to stay here. I've been saving up some money to get a lawyer for Jim—I do without a daily paper and everything else I don't have to have. He's the only person I have to care for and I hate to see him lay in a Penitentiary Hospital if a little money can get him out. I offered him two hundred dollars when he first got in trouble but he wouldn't have it. I only hope he has learned his lesson. I'll never nag at him if he lives to come back home.

"I guess I'm better off without a wife. If she had stayed with me, she probably would have kept me from accumulating anything for my old age—as it is, I'll not have to be buried by the County, even if I am a Republican.